DORA COYNE; OR, HID IN THE HEART.

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CHAPTER XVI.

THE VISIT TO EDINBURGH.

"It is nice to see you again," said Kaiser.

"It brings back old times to meet you," Robina answered.

They had exchanged greetings a few minutes before, and had formed themselves into a small mutual-admiration-society on the sofa, while Joe and his mother were chatting together at the far end of the room. Joe was giving Mrs. Falconer the story of Count von Linckmyer's connection with Mr. Buist (for neither of them wished the facts concealed any longer), and the good matron was looking at Kaiser through rose-coloured spectacles. Of old, as we know, she had been inclined to magnify his failings into big faults; she had not thought him a suitable match for her beautiful Dora. But the heir of Count von Linckmyer was a different person from "poor Kaiser," and there could be no possible objection to him as Robina's friend and possible lover. "Besides," thought Mrs. Falconer—and we must not judge her too hardly, but believe that she was really guided by right feeling as well as worldly considerations, though, alas! "right feeling" is more often than not stimulated by nothing better than "worldly considerations"—"he was such a frivolous and impulsive young person when we knew him at Hackleton. *Now* both Joe and Robina are assured that he is remarkably steady and conscientious. Goes to church every Sunday, and takes beer with his dinner only. Then he was going on in such a drifting sort of way, having no fixed employment, which is

always bad for a young man. As things looked with him then he could not have married Dora for years and years. And, after all, she is as comfortable and happy as need be, and Sir James is all I can wish for her. If anything *should* come out of this writing and talking between Robina and Mr. Buist it would be very satisfactory."

"Mother, you have fallen into a brown study, and have not heard half of what I have said for the last ten minutes," Joe exclaimed. "I shall desert you and go over to the enemy," and he walked across to where Robina was talking in her low sweet voice.

Kaiser was somewhat silent that evening. The meeting with Robina had stirred his emotional nature to its depths, and he was once more learning how far from "getting over it" he still was. She knew before they had been together many minutes that he was "changed" indeed—not in religious matters alone, for *that* Robina would have only rejoiced, but for the other alterations in her friend she felt a vague regret. His smile was not so constant as of old, and was blended with a kind of pathetic longing, which was very fascinating, but, to the observant Robina, conveyed an impression that Kaiser carried a hidden sorrow in his heart. And what could that sorrow be save the old, old story of hopeless, everlasting, ever longing love? How she wished she could comfort him! How earnestly she desired to speak her sympathy! Nothing that Joe had told them, nothing that Kaiser had written, had given her a hint of this secret, and the girl's heart ached for her friend. Unconscious of her eyes reading his heart the young man took part in the conversation (which became general after Joe joined them, and was followed by his mother) with a pleasure that had a tinge of pain in it. It was like "going back" to sit there with the Falconers, and chat about Hackleton folks and Hackleton politics, yet what a gulf lay between the present and the past! Kaiser frequently caught himself falling into a reverie that evening, and had some ado at times to collect his wits.

"We are going to show you *everything*, Robina," said Joe. "Kaiser and I have the loveliest programme drawn up for your amusement. Public buildings in the mornings. Country drives in the afternoons. Lectures, operas, entertainments of all kinds in the evenings. You must never be tired, or invalidish, while you are here. We have no room for such contingencies on *our* programme."

"I hope you will leave something to show a fortnight hence when Sir James and Dora come," said Mrs. Falconer.

Mr. Buist could scarcely restrain a start; but after a few minutes he was calm enough to ask, "Do you then look for Sir James and Lady Coyne here shortly?"

"Yes. Sir James has some business to do in Glasgow, and he wants Dora to come north with him for a little tour."

Robina was *not* invalidish, and if tired never permitted it to be seen, during the days which ensued; so the two young men carried her and her mother to all the sights of "bonnie Dunedin." Mrs. Falconer expended her admiration on the fine architecture, and Princes Street. Robina kept her ecstasies for the hills and sea.

There was little time found during that period for private talk; but Kaiser meant to have a quiet conversation with Robina alone, and what Kaiser wished he usually made a way to gaining. He took her out for a saunter in the Queen's Park, and when they were resting on a sunny slope of Arthur's Seat overlooking the lone loch of Dunsappie, he "began to open his mind."

"I should like to know, Robina, what you would have said to my uncle's proposal?"

"You mean about your giving up your mission scheme, and going with him to Germany?"

"Yes. I have been thinking a heap about the poor old gentleman, and I feel sorry I had to thwart his plans for me; still——"

"He is in the place of your father, I think, Kaiser."

"Yes, I allow that. But even one's father cannot claim a right to make one act against his conscience."

Robina did not answer at once. She looked long at the tiny waves rippling over the loch and tossing their puny crests against the rock which overhangs it. At last she turned her eyes on her companion, and he had never seen a more heavenly light in eyes before, and she said—

"Kaiser, perhaps your mission is to the Count. There is need of labourers among cultured Europeans as well as among heathen blacks. And, Kaiser, sometimes we fancy we are doing God's bidding because the thing we go to do is for His glory, when—without perhaps knowing it—we are trying in such action to escape from trouble or temptation. *Not* because it is the right thing to do. I—I can't somehow say more plainly what I mean. Do you at all understand me?"

"I believe I do."

There was another long pause; then she asked softly, "Should you find it so very hard to exchange one field for another? I think you could be quite as useful with the Count as with the negroes. Indeed, I am audacious enough to say that the conversion of one German nobleman will be of more service to God and the world than the conversion of many savages."

"The point is, could I do it?"

"I believe you could. From what you have told us it is plain that the Count loves you very much. Since you have asked my opinion, Kaiser, I would urge you to think the matter over and over, and yet over. Do not decide in a hurry, but make quite sure that the common-sense God gave you as the assistant to conscience is guiding you."

"I fear," said he, smiling, "that you think I am 'impetuous Kaiser' still, being led by blind impulse, and feeling as of old."

"Not quite that. But I do think you are too enthusiastic about these foreign missions. Don't you remember how you laughed at Dora and myself when we rushed off to Sunday-school classes, and Bible classes, and all kinds of parish work, till our time was quite occupied and mother had to slave over the mending and household duties? Africa is your parish work. The Count is your domestic duties, Kaiser."

"I see your argument more clearly now. I believe you are right," he answered, in sorrowful tones; and then Robina put a hand gently on his, and said—

"It may look bad to the world if you change your plans for position and a fortune; but remember these are God's gifts and not to be despised. Think how your power for good may be increased by such means. Do not fear what men will say, but let God judge your motives. *We* know how you have felt about it all; *we* know how clean are your heart and hands from all self-seeking, from all worldly-wise considerations. Let the world talk. By their deeds are men known, and our Kaiser will prove himself a Christian worker in whatever field he enters."

"Thank you, dear," he said in a whisper, and there were tears in his sea-blue eyes.

If Count von Linckmyer had but guessed the kind of counsel which Robina was to give he had not been in such a hurry to "show his hand" before her arrival in Edinburgh. Unfortunately he was, by that time, back in his own country,

mentally calling Kaiser a great many names not complimentary to a professor of Christianity, but outwardly speaking of his new-found relative as a most promising young man, and so interesting his friends in high places in Mr. Buist.

This was a day or two before Sir James and Dora were expected, and Robina was wondering how her sister and Kaiser would meet, when she received a note from the hospital, which disappointed her very much. It was from Mr. Buist, and was brief.

"Dear Robina,—I am in close attendance upon a bad case of diphtheria. We had a remarkable operation performed on my patient here yesterday. I dare not come near any of you at present, but Joe will give you full particulars. My kind regards to Sir James and Lady Coyne. Pray for my patient, who is also my fellow-student and friend, and pray for—your big brother, Kaiser."

CHAPTER XVII.

"GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS."

"Then we are not to have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist while in Edinburgh?" said Sir James, when informed by Mrs. Falconer of Kaiser's note. Robina had already put the missive into Dora's hands, and had been pleased to mark that her sister was quite unembarrassed when expressing regret that she should not see their old friend.

"It is all right with Dora, but I was afraid she might read his secret if they met, and that would trouble her," thought Robina.

"It is unfortunate," said Mrs Falconer, in reply to her son-in-law's remark. "You would be pleased at the improvement which has taken place in Mr. Buist; and he and Robina are such friends. I fear she will find it dull without his daily visit."

Both Sir James and Dora looked at Robina, but that young person met their inquiring glances with her usual placid air, and remarked—

"I shall have Doe instead, madre; don't make yourself uneasy on my account. Joe, do tell Sir James about that case and the operation. I never heard a more touching story, Dora; and I am sure when you hear it you will not wonder that Kaiser's whole attention is given to the patient."

Nothing loth, Joe gave the story:*

"One of our best men took diphtheria not long ago, and took it very badly. He had been working among some sick folks in a low part of the town, and he was a delicate fellow. Oh, you never saw such a good fellow! and so clever, too—one of the sort that we all like. Kaiser and he had got to be very friendly, and when Mr. Oakley was brought into hospital Kaiser devoted himself to him. I ought to tell you that Mr. Oakley is a West Indian, the only son of a wealthy planter. He is very English in his appearance, and very conservative in his habits, but, oddly enough, his two chief friends are Aurung Shah, the Indian nobleman I've told you about, who is studying here, and a negro student from Barbados.

"Old Kaiser has a great opinion of the negro, I suppose because *he*, too, means to be a medical missionary; and what he did the other day shows that a high opinion of Mike Jones is only what he deserves. Poor soul! he admires Norman Oakley above everybody, and I am told his devotion began out of kindness shown to his family when they were slaves on Mr. Oakley's plantation. I've had to tell you so much to explain what follows.

"These two, Aurung Shah and Mike Jones, have hung about Oakley ever since he took ill, seldom leaving him for a moment, and they were in a dreadful state when Dr. MacLearn told them how desperate a case it was. Kaiser was present, and says he never saw a man so moved as the Shah, who is Oakley's oldest and most intimate friend. But the Shah, with all his brains, and lordly airs, and affection for Oakley, shrank from doing what Mike Jones offered to do." Joe paused there, then asked Sir James, "Do you know what tracheotomy is?"

"Isn't it something to do with opening the windpipe?"

"Yes. It is a very delicate operation, which the famous Professor Syme introduced. It is common enough now, and many a life is saved by it. When the throat gets badly clogged by the disease, and the patient is in danger of choking, we make an incision in the throat—the windpipe, of course—and breathing goes on through a tube there, while the throat is being cleared. But it sometimes happens that the false membrane has spread too far, and cannot be got rid of, in which case the patient suffocates at once. Tracheotomy is the last and desperate remedy, you understand?

"Once or twice it has happened that when the operation was performed a successful attempt to clear the air-passages below the incision has been made by some one sucking the poisonous exudation from the tubes."

Again Joe came to a stop in his narrative, and this time a shuddering sigh from Dora gave evidence that she guessed what remained to be told. Sir James ejaculated, "Dear me! what dreadful things doctors come in contact with. *They* need be brave and Christian men more than others, I think."

"It is, indeed, as Robina says, a touching story," Mrs. Falconer remarked. "*We* heard it yesterday."

Then Joe resumed—

"When Dr. MacLearn was Syme's assistant he did that. He sucked the horrible stuff from a child's throat, and he took diphtheria and nearly died of it afterwards."

"I should think a man *must* take the disease under such circumstances," said Sir James. "What a heroic action!"

"Wasn't it! Well, *that* is what Mike Jones did for Norman Oakley yesterday. Kaiser was present all the time. He says it was a scene he shall never forget. Dr. MacLearn performed the operation, Jones saved Oakley's life at the risk of his own, and the Shah—looked on."

"I hope the negro will not take the diphtheria," said Dora. "It does not follow that he will?"

"Ten chances to one he will. The Professor warned him of the risk he ran, Kaiser told me; but the noble fellow just stopped Dr. MacLearn's mouth by a graceful allusion to what *he* had done himself years ago: 'I follow my chief's example,' said Jones. Wasn't it fine?"

"Is Mr. Oakley better?" Sir James asked.

"Yes. He is not out of danger, and will not be for some time, but the worst is over, thanks to his negro friend."

During all the time that Dora and her husband remained in Edinburgh their interest was centred in that wonderful operation and its consequences. Joe brought daily tidings from the ward where Norman Oakley lay, and where Kaiser watched to wrest a valuable life from the hands of death. He could not do more than exchange a few brief words with Joe at such times, and even that was done at a distance, for Mr. Buist was (Joe said) morbidly afraid on Robina's account, saying that her delicate lungs and throat would make her very susceptible to diphtheria, and a bad subject for it. So Kaiser would not allow his young friend to come into the ward, but he always charged him with kind messages for the others, and he spoke hopefully of Mr. Oakley's state.

Both Sir James and Dora were uneasy on Kaiser's account, for Joe reported him looking haggard and ill, and they lingered with the Falconers longer than had at first been

* For details of this narrative see "Vita Vinctis."

intended, and each day they looked with more and more anxiety for the hospital bulletin.

One morning Joe came looking much more serious than usual, and Dora's heart thrilled with apprehension, and she could scarcely refrain from echoing Robina's cry of "Oh, not Kaiser, surely? Oh, Joe, not Kaiser?"

"No, thank God, Kaiser is not down. It's that poor chap, Mike Jones, and the Professor fears—the worst."

And the worst it was, for (as I have told elsewhere) Christ's loyal, humble, heroic servant, one of a despised race, followed his Master's example, and meekly laid down his life for his friend.

It was all over; the negro was gone before many people realised that he was ill. He had had few friends in Edinburgh while he lived; but he was honoured in death. We may not be capable of very heroic actions ourselves, but there are few of us so bad that we cannot respond to the "well done" which all true men willingly bestow upon one who has proved by unselfish deeds his right to the name of "hero."

Professors and students and a great many of the public followed the negro's remains to the sunny cemetery where he had asked to be buried.

The Falconers were there, also Sir James and Dora; but they stood behind some trees and were not recognised by Kaiser, who had stolen from Oakley's bed to pay the last tribute of respect to the noble dead. When the coffin was lowered into the earth, and the solemn, soothing words were being said, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," Dora saw her lover for the first time since the day she had pleaded with him, and he had gone away in headlong passion, severing in his madness the sweet bond between them.

He was standing with head uncovered, eyes lifted, lips wearing an exalted smile, beside Aurung Shah, whose dusky and delicately-chiselled features formed a striking contrast to the Saxon face of Kaiser, so massive in its lines, so full of spiritual life and feeling. She was quite awed by his expression. He had never looked so like her ideal of manly perfection before. All that had been faulty in him seemed to have vanished, and he stood there in her sight all that she had dreamed and prayed he might be.

From more than one heart, that hour in the cemetery, did *thanks* ascend to God, although the burying of Mike Jones was a sorrow to those very hearts. But, as one of the mourners said later (he was a frolicksome young student, who had been led to serious thought by the negro's example), "There will be a fine harvest some day from the 'planting'* of Mike Jones."

No! Kaiser escaped, and Mr. Oakley recovered. But long before the patient was well enough for his young doctor to consider his attendance superfluous, and himself safe company for ladies, Sir James and Dora had gone home.

"They bade me tell you," said Joe, "how sorry they were not to see you, but they hoped they would be more fortunate next time. Did you know they were in the cemetery that day?"

Kaiser's heart throbbed fast. Dora had been near him, Dora had perhaps looked at him, and no instinct had told him of it! If he could but have seen her face once! Ah, what a wild longing came over him then, to look but once upon his lost, lost love.

"I did not know—they were there," he said, huskily, in reply to Joe's question.

"They saw *you*, however. Mother thought you looked ill, but Robina went into raptures over some particular kind of smile which you indulge in at times, and which she considers angelic. I told her I didn't believe you were smiling at that time. It wasn't the place or time for smiles, was it, old man?"

"Yet I may have smiled, Joe. I remember I was thinking all through the service and the singing how little after all are the trials and losses of this life compared with the crown and palm awaiting the followers of Christ in that place which He has gone to prepare." And as he said those words he felt the pain and longing in his heart quiet down once more into resignation. *(To be continued.)*

* "Planting" in student's slang means burying.

A TRIP TO NORWAY.

BY MRS. ATKINS, M.D.

(Concluded from page 107).

From Gudvangen we took a stalkjaerre, a Norwegian vehicle built to contain two passengers, with a plank behind on which to place the luggage, on the top of which again, the driver stands, sits, or kneels. We had not driven far before we thanked our good luck that we had not had to drive through the Valders in such a conveyance. Three days of such excruciating jolting would inevitably have rendered bed for a week an absolute necessity.

Gradually, after many windings, the narrow valley of the Nœrœdal, which we were driving along, widened out, and far away, up on the top of what appeared an inaccessible hill, we saw the Stalheim Hotel, with its bright Norwegian flag waving in the breeze.

Our intention had been to go on from Gudvangen to Stalheim,

situated about 1,400 feet above sea-level, and highly recommended for its bracing air. From all quarters we heard how crowded the only hotel was, and therefore determined to push on to the next station, Opheim. But when we saw Stalheim we regretted our decision—it looked so bright, so fresh, so breezy, and the mountains around seemed to promise such lovely excursions. The thought of sitting down to dinner, however, with 200 people was altogether too much for us, and as we toiled up on foot the steep, winding road—a marvel of engineering skill—we determined to adhere to our resolution. Had we but known there were not a dozen people at Stalheim!—the tremendous rush we had heard of being simply an excursion passing through, which vanished the same night.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of falling water as we ascended the hill; one more turn of the road, and there it was—the glorious, leaping, foaming, rushing waterfall—the Sevlefos. I have seen most of the renowned waterfalls in Switzerland and Scotland, but I certainly had no idea of what a waterfall could be until I saw this one. It is not a sight to be described, or even talked about, but to be treasured in the memory, like the remembrance of the campanile at Pisa, or the colosseum of Rome.

Opheim, though prettily situated upon a lake, and only 400 feet lower than Stalheim, appeared, after the grandeur of the latter, somewhat tame and flat; but when we found that the hotel would take us in for 3s. 3d. a day each, that it could not harbour more than a dozen people at a time, and that there were no English, we determined to try it for a week.

The rooms were, as usual in Norway, very clean, and the food at dinner in the middle of the day very good. But, unless one possessed an unlimited capacity for cheese, supper was apt to be rather a disappointment. Barring the usual funny little dishes, consisting of stewed sausage, ham, and raw salmon, there was naught but cheese to be had. True, the choice was varied, for there was yellow cheese, green cheese, brown cheese, red cheese; cheese in all stages of ripening, *alias* decay; cheese hard, cheese soft; but to those who never touch it in any form the variety was immaterial and even disheartening.

During our stay at Opheim we walked back to Stalheim; and the view from the hotel balcony, the sight of attainable snow mountains, the comfort of the place, and the civility of the landlord conquered our fear of a crowd, and when we left Opheim we took up our residence at Stalheim for three weeks.

What excursions we made down into the valleys, up into the mountains! We visited several saeters or mountain farms, to which the

farmers migrate in the summer with their flocks. At one of these, which we reached in a famishing condition, upon asking for a glass of milk, we had set before us sweet cream, sour cream, fresh milk, curds and whey, butter, and four kinds of cheese!

Our repast would have been most enjoyable if they had only allowed us to partake of it in the dairy, which was fairly clean; but probably wishing to do honour to unwonted guests, they insisted upon taking us into the living room, which was also the bedroom, which had no windows, and which served as store-room for about a dozen cheeses, in various stages of what is euphemistically called ripening. Sitting close to the door, through which the wind blew fresh, we could have borne even this, but when, one after the other, seventeen people of all ages sidled into the room, and, squatting around promiscuously, watched every morsel we partook of with the steady, bovine, unchanging Norwegian stare, which I have already alluded to, we fairly gave in, and after a hasty draught of milk and due remuneration fled down the mountain again.

Another time we scrambled up a snow-mountain, taking lunch and tea materials with us—the tea being made with snow, and proving very good, according to the maker.

What a view there was from the top! Mile upon mile of snow-capped mountains, as far as the eye could reach. And what is that blue streak far away on the western horizon? Surely, a glimpse of the sea! Down below in the valley on the side of the opposite mountain, is a long silver streak, merely a thread to us, and yet we know it is such a waterfall as in other countries would attract sight-seers from far and wide, but which in Norway has not even a name. But cold is the wind 4,000 feet above the valley, and not all our enthusiasm will keep us warm; so, with many a Parthian glance, we push on over the mountain on our way back.

We had engaged a cabin on board the *Eldorado*, leaving Bergen on the 17th September, and, as we wished to have a peep at the Hardanger Fjord, and, above all, at the Skjæggedal waterfall, we had to leave Stalheim on the 9th. Fortunately the weather had become cold and wet, and the charming couple who had made Stalheim so pleasant were gone, so that we could, without much heartbreaking, say farewell to the lovely place. By carriage then to Eide, on the Hardanger Fjord, then by steamer to Odde, the starting-point for our unpronounceable waterfall.

The hotel we went to at Odde is managed on so-called English principles, which apparently comprise all the Norwegian and English defects with none of their qualities. Most of the servants speak English, which was something quite new in our experience, and which led to a little incident which vastly tickled all the spectators. Most of the English we met in Norway were, like ourselves, only able to speak a very few words of the language, and carefully abstained from using them, save under dire necessity. Enter one evening into the drawing-room a learned young English lady, who evidently intended to impress the assembled guests, for she summoned the chambermaid, and in a long, though somewhat halting speech, gave her orders in Norwegian. Of course, we all gazed upon her with the admiration and awe which she evidently considered her due. But we were ruthlessly hurled from the sublime to the ridiculous by the chambermaid answering, in most perfect English, "I do not quite understand you, madam, but I believe you require a hot bath for yourself in the bath-room and one in the bedroom for your aunt." A general exodus of tittering male guests took place, and that young lady was heard no more to speak Norwegian.

Our first day at Odde was spent, and well spent, in visiting the Buarbræ glacier—a lovely excursion. The second day was devoted to the Skjæggedalsfas. A guide is supposed to be necessary, but as even the landlord, when pressed on the point, could not affirm that there was any greater danger than a possibility of missing the path, and as a guide would have absolutely spoilt the enjoyment of the trip, we decided to do without one. So, at six o'clock, with knapsack containing lunch on back, and after a row of an hour up the fjord to the starting-place, we started up the steep hill-side, inhaling the sweet-scented pine air and rejoicing in life. Up, up, for 1,000 feet, along the wonderful path which has been constructed across yawning chasms and over enormous boulders of rock, which slope sheer down to the precipice 1,000 feet below; then the steep descent, the row along the lake for an hour and a half, till we reach the waterfall whose roar has long been audible. Down it thunders 530 feet, sparkling in the sunshine, blown into mist by the wind, rushing headlong to the lake in the pride of its strength! And here are no gates, no guides, no "'Arries" to vex the soul. Of a truth in Norway can one "commune with Nature and be still." The waterfall alone, or the walk alone, would be sufficient reward for the trouble of the excursion. Both combined are worth twice the exertion.

The Skjæggedal excursion ended our holidays; for the next night, at twelve, we took the steamer up the Hardanger Fjord, on the way to Bergen, where lay the steamer *Eldorado*, in which we had booked our passage to Hull. The journey down the fjord was weird and interesting, for the night was so dark we could barely distinguish the great cliffs which rise up on either side; and when we could distinguish them, so narrow is the waterway, it seemed as though the bow of the boat must crash into them.

Bergen we found hot, close, and "towny," so that we were not sorry when Saturday, the 17th September, arrived, and we were fairly on board. The "*Eldorado*," with its pleasant and kindly captain and its good accommodation and food, can be highly recommended, the deck-cabins, one of which we were fortunate enough to secure, being a great boon to bad sailors.

We were again fortunate in our passage, for although we could not boast of quite an even keel, yet the worst that occurred to anybody was an occasional slight lurch on deck.

On Monday, at 5 a.m., we reached Hull, and there ended our trip.

Foremost among the advantages must be placed the glorious scenery, which, even in remembrance, is "a joy for ever;" then the bracing qualities of the air, which seems to breathe fresh life into the tired workers; the purity of the water, which can be drank without fear; immunity from drain diseases, owing to the sanitary arrangements, which, though primitive, are not dangerous; and last, but not least in the calculations of many a traveller, the cheapness of hotel life, which enables even the frugal mother, weary of ordering three meals a day all the year round, to settle down with a quiet mind and have her dinner ordered for her, without feeling that she is being ruined.

How cheaply one may travel in Norway is shown by the fact that, although living in the best hotels the whole time, our expenses during our seven weeks' tour, including all travelling and even the presents we brought home, amounted only to £25 each.

WORK FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

"I CANNOT bear sitting with my hands before me," said a friend to me the other day, "and there is so little work you can do while you are sitting with the children on the beach."

This remark set me thinking that perhaps a good many mothers might be glad to know of some nice, easy play-work, which they could do in spite of wind and waves, and which would also be useful when wintry days came. So I looked out some easy patterns in knitting, which I have often done myself, and which do not require the close attention which most crochet and wool-work need.

First of all then, here is a half-square shawl for the shoulders. Use Scotch fingering, and No. 5 wooden or bone needles. Cast on 300 stitches. Knit plain, taking 2 stitches together in the *middle* of every row, and 2 together at the *end* of every row until you have only 90 stitches left. Then knit 2 together in the *middle* of each row, and 2 together *twice* at the end of each row, until you have no stitches left. Put a fringe at the edge.

A smaller size can be made by casting on only 200, and reducing to 75, before beginning to take 2 together twice over at the end of the row.

A larger and more useful size by casting on 380, and reducing to 120.

KNITTED VEST FOR A BABY.

Get two bone needles, No. 10, and cast on 70 stitches.

Knit 8 plain rows, then do a piece of ribbing till you have 90 rows, of five purl and five plain.

Knit 12 plain rows, then cast off all but 14 stitches, which are to form the strap for the shoulder. * Knit 3 rows plain and 3 rows purl till you have made the strap 38 rows long.

Now pick up 14 stitches from the opposite side, and repeat from * for the other strap. Cast off. You have now half a vest, and all you have to do is to knit another half exactly like it without the shoulder straps. Then sew up the sides, and join the shoulder straps to the opposite piece.

A pretty edge can be made in crochet.

1st row.—1 treble, 1 chain, put the hook through 2 stitches. Repeat.

2nd row.—1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 double, 1 chain. Repeat.

3rd row.—1 double, 5 treble, 1 double into treble loop, 1 single into double stitch.

AN EASY COMFORTER.

Wooden pins No. 2. Cast on 48 stitches. Put your wool *forward*, slip 1, knit 2 together. Every row alike.

HUG-ME-TIGHT.

This, as its name shows, clings closely to the figure, and is a most useful jacket for wearing underneath the usual outdoor wrap.

Scotch fingering, bone needles, No. 10 or 12, for a tight knitter.

Knit a straight piece of plain knitting, about two fingers wide and a yard long. Then lay it on the table and fold it so that the ends meet in the middle, like the side flaps of an envelope. Sew the ends together, and part of one side, leaving holes to put your arms through. The joins ought to form a T. Sew on six strings, one at each corner on the side of the base of the T, the others two inches right and left of it.

TO USE UP ODDS AND ENDS OF WOOL.

Knit any odd scraps of wool of any colour into squares, small or large, according to length, then sew the squares together. This makes most comfortable crib quilts or perambulator rugs.

I think I have given you enough to go on with, but if any mothers should want any particular pattern in knitting, I will do my best to supply them. E. M. WATERWORTH.

SISTER DORA.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

ONE of the most remarkable women who, in recent times, have devoted themselves to nursing and to the service of the sick poor, was Dorothy Wyndlaw Pattison, more generally known by the name of Sister Dora. She was a lady born and bred, well-educated, high-spirited, sweet-tempered, and handsome; full of fun and sense of humour, fond of hunting and other athletic exercises, and remarkably fond of her own way. As her own way was generally a good way, she was probably right in preferring it to the ways of other people. Strong determination, when it does not degenerate into stupid obstinacy, is one of the most useful qualities any human being can have. In Sister Dora's case her strong will was a great secret of her success, but it also, in a few instances, led her into errors, which will easily be seen as the story of her life is told.

She was born, in 1832, at Hauxwell, in Yorkshire, a small village on the slope of a hill, looking towards the moors and Wensleydale. Her father was the clergyman of the village, and one of her brothers was the Rev. Mark Pattison, the well-known scholar and the rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Dorothy Pattison was first roused to wish for something more than the ordinary occupations of a young lady's life by the enthusiasm felt throughout England in 1856, for Miss Florence Nightingale's work in the Crimea. Dorothy wished to join Miss Nightingale's band of lady nurses at the seat of war, but her parents' opposition and her own want of training prevented her from carrying out this wish. From this time, however, she fretted against the life of comparative inactivity to which she was restricted so long as she remained in her village home. Some years were passed (wasted, we well may think) in unnecessary friction between herself and her father, she desiring to leave home and he opposing her wishes in this respect. At last she did leave, in 1861, more or less in face of her father's opposition; he declined to make her any allowance beyond what he had been accustomed to give her for pocket-money and clothes, and she had therefore to live partly on what she was able to earn. She obtained work as a village schoolmistress at Little Woolston, near Bletchley, and lived for three years in a small cottage, quite alone, without even a servant; her life at this time must

have been very much like that described in "Jane Eyre," where the heroine gains her livelihood for a time by similar work. She showed, as a village schoolmistress, that keen sympathy with children and power over them which always distinguished her. She could enter, through her bright imagination, into the feelings and thoughts of children, and her playfulness and love of fun made her a real friend and companion to them. At Little Woolston, too, she did a good deal of amateur nursing for the parents and friends of her little pupils. Her biographer, Miss Lonsdale,* says that the people in the neighbourhood of the village were very quick to discover that the new schoolmistress was a real lady, but for some time they could not get over their astonishment if they found Miss Pattison blacking her own grate when they came to see her. She was, perhaps, the first instance they had come across of a cultivated woman who thought that "being a lady" was not inconsistent with working hard. Dirtiness, untidiness, and muddle vex the soul of the "real lady" far more than doing the work which produces cleanliness and order.

After three years at Little Woolston, Miss Pattison made what many must think was the great mistake of her life. Her strong will has already been spoken of; she had found by experience that she could not submit it even to the control of her own father, to whom she was naturally bound by strong feelings of affection. It was necessary to her to have freedom and scope for her energies, and to learn by self-government what she had failed to learn through the government of others. Notwithstanding the incompatibility of her nature with the absolute submission required in such institutions, Miss Pattison joined a High Church Sisterhood, at Coatham, called the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritan. It was part of the discipline of the sisterhood to require unquestioning obedience to all commands. The reason, the feelings, the natural piety of the novices were completely subordinated to obedience as their first and paramount duty. By way of training in unquestioning obedience, Sister Dora, as she was now called, was subjected to various tests of submissiveness; one day, for instance, after she had made all the beds, they were pulled to pieces again by the order of the Superior, and she was told to make them again. In some institutions of this kind, after the floor has been carefully and thoroughly scrubbed by a novice, some one enters, by order of the Superior, with mud or ashes, and purposely makes it dirty again; the novice is then ordered to return to her work and scrub the floor once more, and she is expected to do so without showing the least sign of disappointment or annoyance. It may be true that this system fosters the habit of unquestioning obedience, but if so it must be at the expense of other and much more valuable qualities. This unnatural system is perverting to the moral sense and judgment, as Sister Dora, a few years later, found to her cost. In 1865 she was sent by the sisterhood to Walsall, to take part in the nursing in a small cottage hospital. Towards the end of the year she received orders from the sisterhood to leave this work and take work as a nurse in a private case in the South of England. Walsall had not been trained to habits of unquestioning obedience; its inhabitants and the managers of the little hospital had already discovered Sister Dora's fine qualities as a nurse. They resisted the order that would have deprived them of her services. While negotiations on this subject were proceeding between the Walsall people and the sisterhood at Coatham, news reached Miss Pattison from Hauxwell, to say that her father was dangerously ill and much desired to see her. She telegraphed to the sisterhood, telling them of her father's serious illness, and asking permission to visit him. The answer, which was returned almost immediately, was a blank refusal, and she was bidden to proceed at once to Devonshire to nurse a stranger. Incredible as this may seem, it is still more incredible that the order was obeyed. Miss Pattison had not escaped the paralysis of moral sense which this cast-iron system produces; she turned her back on her home and proceeded to Devonshire. Her father died almost immediately, without ever seeing his daughter again. The shock of this event roused Sister Dora from the lethargy from which she had suffered. She was almost broken-hearted, and deeply resented the dictation to which she had been subjected. She ought to have seen, and probably did see, that the will, like all other powers of the mind and body, with which each one of us is endowed, is given to us to be used; we are responsible for its right use, and when we use it wrongly, as she did in this case (for it must have needed a very strong effort of will to resist the appeal of love and duty), it is we ourselves who must bear the punishment and endure the anguish of our fault. She did not immediately sever her connection with the sisterhood, but she began from that time to be less completely in thraldom to it. She finally quitted it in 1875, under circumstances which have not been made public. When a friend questioned her as to the cause, Sister Dora's only reply was, "I am a woman, and not a piece of furniture."

Sister Dora.
From a Photograph by Mr. Williams, Wolverhampton.

After her father's death Sister Dora returned to Walsall, and in this place practically the whole of the rest of her life was devoted to the service of the sick and of all who were desolate and oppressed. She plunged into her work with all the greater eagerness from her desire to forget herself and the many inward troubles and anxieties which oppressed her at this time. Her great desire was to become a first-rate surgical nurse. Walsall has been described by those who lived there as "one of the smokiest dens of the Black

* "Sister Dora: a Biography." By Margaret Lonsdale.

Country," and the workers in the various factories of the locality were often frightfully injured by accidents with the machinery, or by burns and scalds. Sister Dora became marvellously skilful in what is known as "conservative surgery," that is, the art of saving a maimed and crushed limb instead of cutting it off. A good old doctor at the hospital taught her all he knew; but she outgrew his instructions, and Miss Lonsdale gives an instance of a case in which Sister Dora saved a man's right arm from amputation, in spite of the doctor's strongly expressed opinion that the man would die unless his arm were taken off immediately. The arm was frightfully torn and twisted; the doctor said it must be taken off, or mortification would set in. Sister Dora said she could save the arm, and the man's life too. The patient was appealed to, and of the two risks he chose the one offered by the Sister. The doctor did not fail, proud as he was of his pupil, to remind her that the responsibility of what he considered the patient's certain death would be on her head. She accepted the responsibility, and devoted herself to her patient almost night and day for three weeks, with the result that the arm was saved. The doctor was the first generously to acknowledge her triumph, and he brought the rest of his medical colleagues to see what Sister Dora had done. The patient's gratitude was unbounded; he often revisited the hospital simply to inquire for Sister Dora. He was known in the neighbourhood as "Sister's Arm." During an illness she had, this man used to walk every Sunday morning eleven miles to the hospital to inquire for her. He would say, "How's Sister?" and on receiving a reply would add, "Tell her it's *her arm* that rang the bell," and walk back again. Sister Dora used to say when speaking of her period of suspense and anxiety in this case, "How I prayed over that arm!"

She was particularly skilful in her treatment of burns; sometimes she would take two poor little burnt or scalded babies to sleep in her own room. Those who have had experience in the surgical wards of hospitals know what an overpowering and sickening smell proceeds from burnt flesh. Sister Dora never seemed for a moment to think of herself or of what was disagreeable and disgusting in such cases as these. In one frightful accident in which eleven poor men were so badly burned that they resembled charred logs of wood more than human beings, nearly all the doctors and the other nurses became sick and faint a few minutes after they entered the ward where the sufferers lay, and were obliged to leave. Sister Dora alone remained at her post, and never ceased night or day for ten days to do all that human skill could suggest to alleviate the sufferings of the poor victims. Some died almost immediately, some lingered for a week or ten days; only two ultimately recovered. Her wonderful courage was shown not only in her readiness to accept responsibility, but in the way in which she was able to keep up her own spirits, and to raise the spirits of the patients through such a time of trial as this. She would laugh and joke, and tell the sick folks stories, or do anything that would help them to while away the time and bear their sufferings with fortitude and courage. She made her patients feel how much she cared for them, and that all she did for them was a pleasure, not a trouble. She used to provide them with a little bell, which she told them to ring when they wanted her. One poor man was reproached by the other patients for ringing his bell so often, especially as when Sister Dora arrived and asked him what he wanted, he not infrequently answered that he did not know. But Sister Dora never reproached him for ringing too often. "Never mind," she would say, brightly, "for I like to hear it;" and she told him that she often fancied when she was asleep that she heard his little bell, and started up in a hurry to find it was only a dream. She was so gay and bright and pleasant in her ways, giving her patients comical nicknames, and caressing and coaxing them almost as a mother would a sick child, that they regarded her with a deep love and veneration that frequently influenced them for good all the rest of their lives. Twice while she was at Walsall there were frightful epidemics of smallpox, and on both occasions she showed extraordinary courage and devotion. She did not bear any charm against infection, and in fact generally caught anything that was to be caught in the way of infectious disease. Her courage, therefore, did not proceed from any confidence in her own immunity from danger. She deliberately counted the cost, and resolved to pay it, for the sake of carrying on her work. At the first outbreak of smallpox in Walsall there was no proper hospital accommodation for the patients; and Sister Dora nursed many of them in the overcrowded courts and alleys where they lived. She was called in to one poor man who was dying of a virulent form of the malady known as "black-pox." He was a frightful object: all his friends and relations, except one woman, had forsaken him; when Sister Dora arrived, she found there was only one small piece of candle in the house, so she gave the woman money to go out and buy candles, and other necessaries. The temptation was too much for the poor woman, who must, after all, have been better than the patient's other relatives and neighbours, for she had stayed with him when they had run away. When the pro-

Statue of Sister Dora at Walsall.

fessional nurse arrived and gave her money, she ran away too, and Sister Dora was left quite alone with the dying man. Just as the one bit of candle flickered out, the poor man, covered as he was with the terrible disease, raised himself in bed and said, "Kiss me, Sister." She did so, and the man sank back; she promised she would not leave him while he was alive, and his last hours were soothed by her presence. She passed hours by his side in total darkness, uncertain whether he were dead or alive; at last the grey light of early dawn came, and she was at liberty. Her promise was fulfilled; the man was dead.

At the second outbreak of smallpox at Walsall, hospital accommodation was provided for the patients; and the ambulance, a sort of omnibus fitted up to convey a patient and nurse, was frequently to be seen in the streets. Sister Dora was as strong as she was courageous; she would come to a house where a smallpox patient lay, and say she had "come for so-and-so." Resistance and excuses were no good; she would take the patient, man or woman, in her arms as easily as she would a baby, and carry the burden down to the ambulance. Her presence cheered the whole town, and prevented the spread of that dastardly panic which sometimes comes over a place which is stricken by disease. An eye-witness described how every one in the town felt new courage at the sight of the ambulance and Sister Dora, "with her jolly face smiling out of the window."

She spent six months at the smallpox hospital in 1875; and for a long time she was practically alone there with the patients; the doctors of course came by day, and three of her old patients constantly visited the hospital for the sake of seeing if they could do anything for her; and there were two nearly helpless old women from the workhouse, who were supposed to do part of the work; but she was absolutely alone as regards regular skilful assistance in the nursing and other work. The porter did what he could, showing his devotion by getting up early to scrub and clean for her; but he could hardly ever resist the temptation to go off "on the drink" whenever his wages were paid; on these occasions he would absent himself for four and twenty hours at a time. Once when this had happened, and Sister Dora was quite alone, a delirious patient, a tall, powerful man, flung himself out of bed in the middle of the night, and rushed to the door trying to make his escape. "She had no time for hesitation, but at once grappled with him, all covered as he was with the loathsome disease . . . . she got him back to bed, and held him there by main force till the doctor arrived in the morning."

One of the trials of her work was that the smallpox patients were nearly all "alive" with vermin; added to this was the horror of the all-pervading smell of pox; in a letter to a friend, Sister Dora spoke of this, and said it was impossible to get away from it. "I taste it in my tea!" For months she never had her bonnet on, or went even as far as the gate; and yet she was able to look back on the time she spent in this hospital as one that had been very much blessed to her. With her High Church feelings about Lent, she wrote cheerfully in the letter already quoted, "Is not this a glorious retreat for me in Lent? I can have no idle chatter." In another letter, she wrote, "I am still a prisoner, surrounded by my lepers. I do feel so thankful that I came. . . . I thank God daily for my life here."

Endless instances might be given of her physical and moral courage; once, when she was in a third class railway carriage with a lot of rough navvies, who were swearing and using horrible language, she boldly reproved them; they laid hands on her, one of them exclaiming, "Hold your jaw, you fool; do you want your face smashed in?" She remained quite calm, not struggling, although they were holding her down on the seat between them. When the train reached a station, they let her go, and she got out of the carriage, and one of the men begged her pardon, saying, "Shake hands, mum! you're a good plucked one, you are; you were right, and we were wrong." Another time in the hospital, a half-drunken man, flashily dressed, rang the bell in the night, and on the door being opened forced his way into the hall, and demanded a bed. The night nurse on duty was unable to get rid of him, and Sister Dora was summoned. The man reiterated his determination to stay all night, and Sister Dora contented herself with barring his access to the patients by standing erect on the last step of the stairs with her arms spread from the wall to the balusters. The man seated himself opposite to her, the nurse fled shrieking, and the two waited, staring at one another, each hoping the other would be the first to tire of the situation. Presently the man made a rush down the passage towards the kitchen door, but Sister Dora was too quick for him, and by the time he had reached it she was there with her arms spread across it, as on the stairs, to bar his way. She expected he would knock her down, but instead of doing so he muttered some compliment to her courage, and turned on his heel and left the place.

She had a very strong personal influence for good on the poor rough people, both men and women, for whom she worked. Her religion was one more of deeds than of words, and they saw that both in word and deed it was genuine. Many a one has dated a new start in life from the time he came under her care. Sometimes patients waking in the night would find her praying by their bedsides, and it touched them deeply to see how sincerely and truly she cared for them. Although she had the hearty sense of fun already alluded to, no man could ever venture on a coarse word or jest in her presence, and she inspired a good "tone" in the wards even when they were occupied by the roughest and poorest. As time went on there was hardly a slum or court in the lowest part of Walsall where she was not known, and hardly a creature in the town that did not feel he owed something to her. Although most of her time was given to healing bodily troubles, all her patients felt that she cared for something higher in them than their bodies. She joined heartily in several missions that were started with the object of reaching the lowest and most outcast; she would go quite fearlessly at midnight into the haunts of the most degraded men and women of the town, and induce them, for awhile at least, to pause and consider what their lives had been given to them for. Once, we are told, when she was on her way to a patient's house at night, she had to pass through one of the worst slums of the town. A man ran out of a notorious public-house and said, "Sister, you're wanted; they've been fighting, and a man's hurt desperate." Even she hesitated momentarily, and the thought passed through her mind that she might be murdered. But her hesitation did not last sufficiently long to be visible; she followed the man immediately, taking comfort characteristically in the thought, "What does it matter if I am murdered?" To her astonishment, as soon as she reached the group of men, brutalized apparently almost below the level of humanity, a way was respectfully made for her, and every hat was taken off as she passed to the side of the wounded man.

But the time was approaching when the hand of death was to be laid upon this wonderful woman in the midst of all her labours. She was only about forty-four years of age, when she discovered that she was stricken by an incurable

and terribly painful disease. It was a sign both of her strength and of her weakness that she insisted on keeping this fact absolutely secret. She, who had always been so strong, could not bear to acknowledge that her strength had come to an end. She, who had been so ready to give sympathy, could not bear to accept it. She went on with her work, bearing her pain silently and proudly, and admitting no one to her confidence. In order more completely to conceal her illness, she left Walsall for a time; and those who remained in charge of the hospital did not dream but that her absence was merely temporary. With the knowledge that her days on earth were numbered, she still went on studying her profession. She attended some of Professor Lister's operations in London in order to become acquainted with his antiseptic process, and she went to the Paris Exhibition especially to study the surgical appliances shown there. Then presently she came back to Walsall, in October, 1878. In November of the same year the Mayor opened a new hospital in her name; she was too ill to be present. Up to the last the townspeople could not believe that their "dear lady" was really to be taken from them, especially as her vitality was so strong that she rallied again and again, when those about her thought that the end was near at hand. She never lost her old habit of joking and making fun out of the dismal circumstances of sickness. Her arm which became terribly swollen and helpless, she nicknamed "Sir Roger," and she laughed at her doctors because she lived longer than they had predicted she would. She quite chuckled over the idea that she had "done the doctor again." Her life was prolonged till December 24th, 1878. The grief throughout the district when it was known that death had removed her was overpowering. The veneration and gratitude of the whole town found expression in many schemes for memorials in her honour. The working people wished most of all for a statue of their dear lady. The wish was gratified, through Miss Lonsdale's generous aid, in the autumn of 1886. A pure white marble statue now stands in a central position of the smoky town of Walsall, commemorating the life and labours of one of the best of this generation of Englishwomen. Her work is another illustration of the text, "He that is greatest among you, shall be your servant."

AUNT ETHEL'S "RAINY-DAY CLUB."

BY EMMA C. HEWITT, ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF "LADY'S HOME JOURNAL."

AGAIN did a rainy day come round; but it was met without any tears or even a scowl upon the part of our little friends. Even Baby Jack had learned to regard a rainy day as one of exceptional privileges, for was not that the day upon which he was allowed to wet with his tongue some "ammals," as he always called them in his imperfect baby language, and oh! unheard-of delight! *stick* them on the wall? He had learned, however, that they were to travel round the surbase, and to be stood upon their *feet*, so he kneeled down on his little fat knees and, with flushed face and sparkling eyes, placed his "ammal" triumphantly in position when his "turn" came, for they took turns in this fascinating work.

Then came the scrap-book, for Aunt Ethel did not approve of many beginnings and few endings. She made it a regulation that, at each meeting, something was to be done to the scrap-book before any new work was begun.

"What to-day, Aunt Ethel? Something all new?"

"Something altogether new," answered she, smiling brightly. "We are going to amuse the very little ones this time."

A shadow *almost* fell upon the faces of the two children; but then, they had *almost* learned to trust Aunt Ethel implicitly, so the shadow was but indeed a shadow, and as quickly fled.

"You see," said their aunt, without seeming to note any change in their countenances, "it is a settled fact that *babies* must be amused. Even such little *men* as Baby Jack need it sometimes. So, now I propose that you each shall make some toy to amuse a younger child, and you will at the same time be amused and interested in the making."

"I have the materials for Cecile's work here," she continued, producing a handful of bright-coloured worsted braids, with a skein or two of gay silks. "You, Howard, will be obliged to *hunt* for *your* materials. You will need a piece of stout paste-board, about six by ten, say (an old box will do), a piece of twine, a pair of strong scissors, or a sharp penknife, and a lead-pencil. Now, sir, go away, and return with all those articles. Get what you can, without bothering any one."

"The twine and the penknife and the pencil I have in my pocket, Aunt Ethel!" answered the boy, eagerly, producing at once the articles in question.

"Precisely so, young man," laughed his aunt; "so I supposed. And from what I know of boys and their pockets, you would have the paste-board in there also, if ten by six were not a shade larger than any boy's *pocket* (but not larger than his ambition). Well, now run along and ask cook, or nurse, or any one, for an old box."

"I have one of my own; I don't need to ask any one."

"So much the better, my boy. Well, go and get it."

Meanwhile, Cecile was to be started in her work. "But, Aunt Ethel, I don't quite think I like to *sew*. It doesn't seem much fun to me."

"Well, dearie, I think you *will* like this. In the first place, the work itself is pretty; in the second place, the babies *do* want something nice and bright *so* much; and in the third place, the whole thing is so easy, and so quickly accomplished, that I believe you will have finished before you have had a chance to tire of it."

"What is it to be?" asked Cecile, pacified.

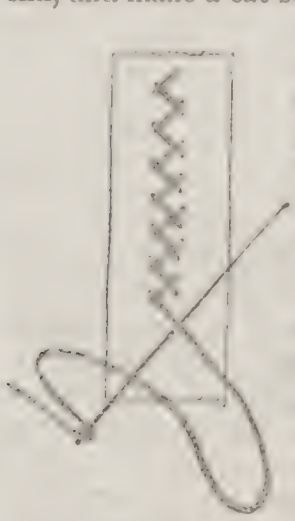
"'It' is to be a pretty, bright ball for the very little ones; a ball with two fuzzy ends; a ball so soft and so pretty that they will scream with delight when they see it, and enjoy playing with it as long as it lasts. Isn't that a lovely thing for one little girl to be able to do with so little work and such pretty work and such little time?"

Aunt Ethel certainly possessed the magnetic power with children of persuading them to take *her* view of the subject at hand, and consequently, in a few moments Cecile was diligently at work, thoroughly inspired with her aunt's enthusiasm.

"Now, Cecile, we will make this about two inches across. We will not try a very large one at first. To make it round, we must make a strip six inches long and three inches broad; but, as we want a little for the 'fuzzy' at each end, we will allow it *five* inches broad, and this gives us an inch of fuzz. Now then, I will cut you the first two strips of braid the proper length, and then you can go on cutting them, until you have sufficient. The braid is an inch wide, so that six would seem to be enough; but we must allow for the 'taking up,' as we women call it, in the sewing. Now you have them cut, how will you arrange them?"

"Let me see—this way, I think—red, yellow, blue, grey, red, yellow, blue, grey—Will that do?"

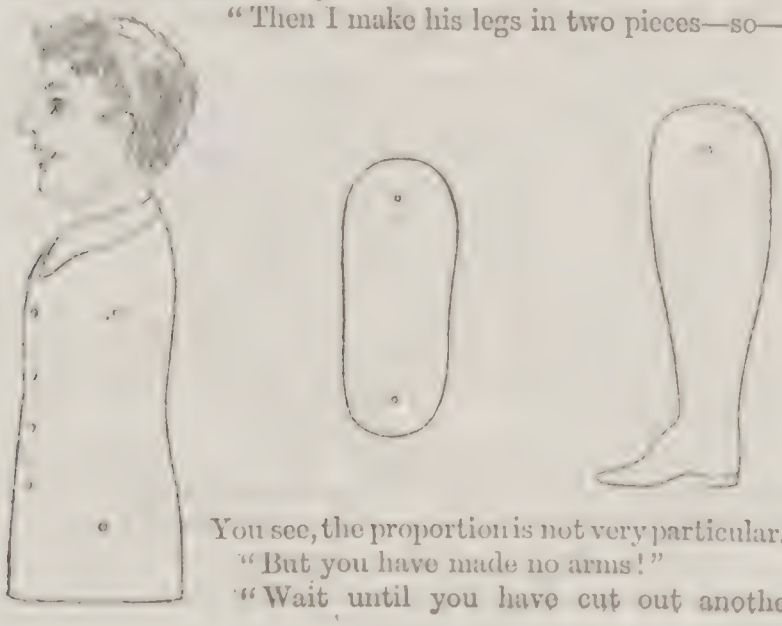
"That is a very good arrangement. You see that, when you come to join them into a round, that the grey and red will come together again, and that will make a pretty contrast. Now over-seam the red and yellow together neatly with a dark cotton. It is not necessary to make it very close. So. Now thread your needle with this pale blue silk, and make a cat-stitch down the seam just made—so—"



'Tis true, Cecile's work was not quite even, but the effect was very good, and the pretty contrast of the pale blue against the red and the yellow quite inspired Cecile with a desire to go on, "to see how the rest would look."

Having established her at work, Aunt Ethel now turned her attention to Howard, who had meanwhile returned with his cardboard. "Now, my boy, you are going to make a couple of dancing-men. I will mark on the cardboard the parts of one man, and then you can make the other man by drawing around the first one. See! I only make a head and a body—so—

"Then I make his legs in two pieces—so—



You see, the proportion is not very particular."

"But you have made no arms!"

"Wait until you have cut out another man just like the first; then I will tell you about the arms. After you have cut the body, mark eyes and hair, and buttons down his coat. Oh! I forgot! It would be as well to give him two ears, also. Now Cecile, I have come to attend to *you* awhile. How nicely your work grows, and how well you have contrasted the silks with the braids. That bright orange looks very gay and appropriate upon the blue and grey. I see you are almost finished, as you are beginning on the second set. When you have finished the whole strip, fasten the first and last pieces of braid together as you have fastened all the rest. I shall go on with my knitting for a little, now, until you need me again."

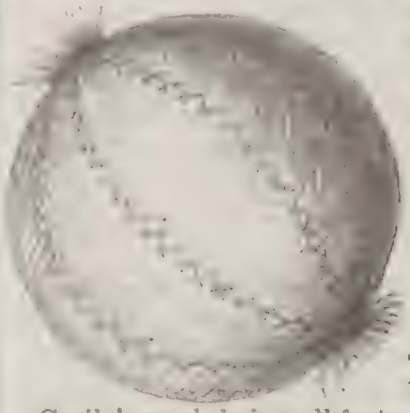
So silence reigned while Howard cut, and Ethel sewed, and Baby Jack played sea-shore, having grown tired of watching the performances of the others. Presently everything was ready for completion.

"I think I shall take you in hand first, Howard, this time. Now cut another piece of cardboard *this* shape—

Now fasten these on at the shoulders, by knotting two pieces of string together, passing both pieces through small holes punched with knife or scissors, and tied again on the other side. I take *two* pieces of string because I can make them tighter, as I can tie *two* close up to the cardboard, while *one* would be likely to slip—see? Now fasten the legs together at the knee in the same way, and again at the hip. See! Your men are now fastened together, though loose at shoulder, hip, and knee. Punch two more holes somewhere about the shoulder of each man, and fasten in a long, fine thread. Now you are ready to begin. Tie one thread to something—the leg of a chair, say—and keep the other in your hand, keeping the men just so high that their feet will touch the floor. Pull your string a little tighter or looser, and the men will make the most amusing motions."

When the men were entirely finished, they looked like this—

When Howard pulled the string, Baby Jack screamed with delight to see the men jump about, first one up and the other down. Howard soon learned to add very much to the general amusement by the peculiar manner in which he jerked the string. So amusing was it to them all, that it was at once decided that this toy should be laid away for one of Baby Jack's rainy-day amusements, as the child could soon "make it go" himself; and Howard resolved that, upon the next "Club" day, he would make another for the Orphans' Home.



"Now for the finishing of Cecile's ball!" exclaimed Aunt Ethel, as she turned to the little girl, leaving Howard to amuse Baby Jack with the delightful new toy.

Cecile's work being all fastened together in one continuous

round, she ran a thread around each of the open ends, leaving about an inch margin for "fuzz." Having drawn one end up and fastened it securely, she stuffed the little back thus made with cotton-wool. Then she tightly drew up the other end, and secured it in the same manner. Next, a narrow ribbon was tied round each end, and secured by a stitch or two. Then, with a coarse needle, Cecile fringed out the loose ends of braid, and her work was complete.

"Aunt Ethel, would you mind if I gave this to Dorothy's baby? I heard her telling cook, to-day, that he 'fretted awful with his teeth,' and that she 'worrited with him day and night.' Perhaps it might keep him quiet a little. Poor Dorothy looks, oh! so tired. Isn't that 'charity,' too?"

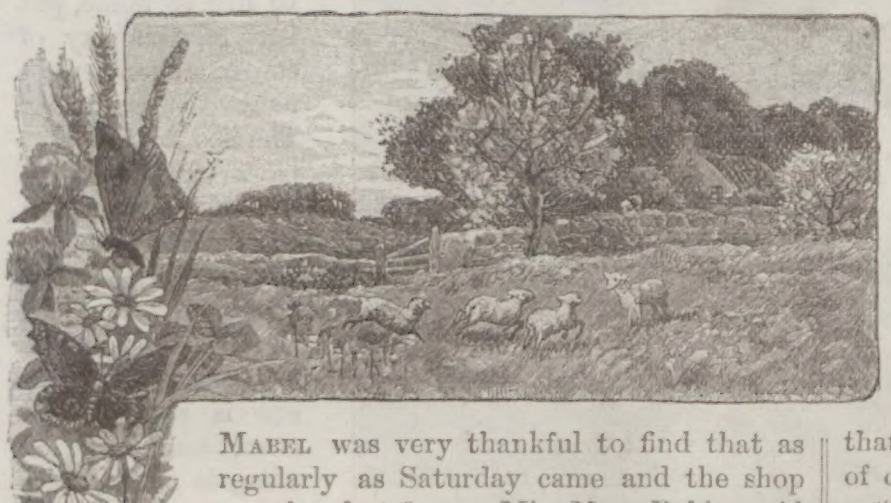
"Certainly, dear child. Give it wherever it is needed. Some other rainy day, when I'm not here, you can make one all by yourself for the home. You know how they are made now; so we will put the braids in the rainy-day box, and there you are for another time."

BREAD-WINNERS.

BY ELIZA CLARKE.

CHAPTER III.

"BE GOOD, SWEET MAID, AND LET WHO WILL BE CLEVER."



Mabel was very thankful to find that as regularly as Saturday came and the shop was closed at 2 p.m., Miss Mary Robins paid her the five shillings agreed upon, and for the first two weeks she went out to the nearest post office and sent her mother four shillings of it, leaving herself just two in her pocket, which with two left over and above after paying her fare from Eastfield to London, seemed to her almost riches. But she soon found that the laundress cost her a good deal, however economical she might be, and that she should before very long be wanting shoes and a new dress, so she had to give up sending any of her earnings home, though she relinquished her purpose with a sore heart. The first thing she purchased was ten yards of nun's cloth, which she was sure her mother and Bessie would make up for her, taking pattern from an old frock, so she sent it by parcels post, with half-a-crown inside to pay for the little etceteras that might have to be bought, and when it was finished, kind Mrs. Smith, who was coming to London, brought it with her in a cardboard box, and came to have tea with her cousins and Mabel, thus saving the girl the expense of having her dress sent.

On the next Sunday morning Mabel came down ready for church in the new garment, and her friends praised it very much, declaring that the fit and finish were almost professional, and they told her to be sure and put it on when she had finished a white pelisse she was making for Lady Marshall's little grandchild, and took it to be tried on and approved.

This was a great pleasure in store for Mabel; she had been twice before with little frocks and petticoats, and each time had seen the baby with its mother and grandmother, and as she was herself cut out of the stuff of which good mothers are made, her heart warmed to the small creature who was the light of so many pairs of eyes.

It was on Wednesday afternoon that her work was done, and she reached Lady Marshall's house about five o'clock, having been told that that would always be the most convenient hour for baby. She was taken up into the old lady's boudoir, and as the pelisse was pronounced the very thing for its small owner, would have withdrawn at once if Lady Marshall had not asked her where she learnt to work so beautifully, remarking that it was not an every-day accomplishment in the schools of our time.

"'Mamma taught me and my sisters to work before we ever went to school at all," replied Mabel; and Lady Marshall rejoined—

"Then she was a very wise mother indeed," and after a momentary pause added, "I suppose she always intended to bring you up to your present occupation?"

"No, indeed," answered Mabel, with a little flush of pride that she felt to be foolish, yet could not repress, "she only wanted us to be useful at home, or wherever we might be placed."

It had never struck Lady Marshall before that Miss Robins' young assistant was likely to be anything but an apprentice, for Mabel was just a quiet-mannered, wholesome-looking girl, with nothing of the "princess-in-disguise" air about her of which we read so much in modern tales. She observed now, however, how nicely she spoke, and asked a few more questions, which speedily brought out the little there was to tell about the Mounsey family and their troubles.

"I should have thought you would have been happier as a governess," said young Mrs. Thornhill, the baby's mother, who had hitherto been too much occupied with her child to take any part in the conversation.

"I have not had a high school education," said Mabel, "and have not a single certificate of any kind, so I had no chance of getting a situation of that sort."

"But how came you to think of a London shop?" persisted the lady, who thought governessing the only possible career for girls who had the misfortune to be left unprovided for. So Mabel told them about her elder sister and Mrs. Smith, and how thankful she was to have the chance of keeping herself, however humbly.

"And what is your younger sister going to do?" asked Lady Marshall.

"I don't know," replied Mabel; "she has had less education than any of us, and I am afraid the Miss Robins' do not want another assistant."

"Has she any particular talent?" was the next question.

"No," said Mabel, thoughtfully; "she is very handy, and has a taste for dressmaking; she and mamma made the frock I have on."

"And it fits you a great deal better than most of my dresses do me," exclaimed Mrs. Thornhill; "I should say that either mother or daughter has a genius for fitting."

"Well, Miss Mounsey," said Lady Marshall, "we must say good day to you now, but I have an idea in my head about your sister, and when I have made some inquiries, I will ask you to come and see me again."

When Mabel got back to Baker Street, Miss Jane Robins asked her almost severely why she had been so long, for she felt that a young girl like Mabel, who but for herself and her sister was alone in London, was something of a responsibility. She did not, however, doubt her when she said she had been all the time at Lady Marshall's, but told her to make haste and put all the goods away safely, as she and Miss Mary wanted to get out as soon as the shop was closed. Mabel therefore had no opportunity of telling the sisters what had passed till they were seated at their frugal supper. They listened in silence, and then Miss Mary said—

"I believe Lady Marshall will be as good as her word, but don't you go fancying that she will send Miss Bessie to school again or anything of that sort. She's not very rich for a lady in her position, but she is very busy in some of the new-fangled schemes, and I shouldn't wonder if she put your sister in some way of helping herself. To my mind, my dear, and Jane's too, there's nothing like business, but that may not be my lady's way of thinking."

What Lady Marshall did do, was to mention the case to a friend who was one of the lady members of the School Board, and she advised her to suggest to Mabel that her sister should come to London, and by learning the scientific system of dressmaking qualify herself either to go out to families as a daily dressmaker, or to be worth good wages to a shop where dresses are made, adding that she thought the hours, workrooms, etc., in an establishment of that kind were better regulated than in a private dressmaking business.

Lady Marshall, in consequence of this counsel, called on the Secretary of the Scientific Dress Cutting Association, at 272, Regent Circus, and there ascertained how wide-reaching was his work. It is one thing to give certain teaching in return for the payment of certain fees, but it is much more to keep registers of situations vacant for nursery governesses and ladies' maids, as well as for certificated scientific dressmakers pure and simple, and enter on the labour of trying to put the right woman in the right place, where, if thorough in her work, she can obtain board, lodging, and a good salary; or if she elect to live at home, put her in the way of continual and well-paid employment. The fee in the first place for learning to cut out bodices, on the same principle that tailors cut out coats and waistcoats, is two guineas; the learner can go on till she is perfect, and then, and not till then, is a certificate given her. Once certificated, she is on the books, and if she goes through the other departments, such as fitting, draping, trimming, etc., etc., which altogether cost about seven guineas, she is eligible for any good post at home or in the colonies which the manager may have on his books.

This was the sum and substance of what Lady Marshall learned and explained to Mabel a few days later, supplying her with several little papers explanatory of the work carried out by the Association. But it never entered the old lady's head that it might be impossible to raise the sum of two guineas for the first outlay, or that there might be any difficulty in finding a home in London for a girl desirous of learning. Perhaps, however, she was only waiting to see whether anything could be managed without her interference, for she was old and wise enough to know that people value what they have to strive and deny themselves for, much more highly than that which falls into their mouths like a ripe plum.

Mabel had plenty of food for thought as she sat stitching or doing the little household work required by the few rooms the trio inhabited. She knew that Alice's money, as

fast as she earned it, had gone to help her mother and sister, and though just now the two were busy making the linen of a trousseau for one of Alice's old schoolfellows who had also been their neighbour in happier days, that only brought in sufficient money to meet the expenses of the moment, and so far relieve Alice that she could freshen up her wardrobe. If Mabel herself saved very hard for nine weeks without so much as buying a postage stamp, she might manage just to pay the first fee, but then how was Bessie to live in London while she was learning? The problem was too hard for Mabel; think over it as she would, she could get no further; and she wisely concluded that it was best to let well alone for the present and trust for the future, and not even to unsettle her young sister's mind by writing home on the subject.

CHAPTER IV.

"LITTLE THINGS ON LITTLE WINGS, LIFT LITTLE SOULS TO HEAVEN."

THE worst of the winter was gone, and Mrs. Mounsey was rejoicing in the sunny warmth of a genial morning in early April, and feeling thankful that for a few months there would be but little need for fuel, when the postman's quick sharp rap came at the front door, and the woman in whose house she lodged brought her a thick letter with an Indian postmark. She had a cousin in the Punjaub, the wife of Colonel Sinclair, with whom she had always kept up a little correspondence, but this letter was not addressed in her handwriting, and had a black edge. It was from Colonel Sinclair himself, and ran thus—

"DEAR MRS. MOUNSEY,—Last week I lost my dear wife from cholera, and as a suitable escort has just offered I am taking the liberty of sending my motherless children home to you. Poor Mary asked me to do so in almost her last moment of consciousness, for we had been talking it over before she was taken ill. It is to be feared that we have tried the experiment of keeping them with us almost too long, for the elder ones have failed in health terribly during the last few months. Mary is seven, Hetty five, and little Herbert two years old, and they will be in London almost as soon as this letter reaches you. I enclose you a cheque for £100, and propose remitting the same amount three times a year. I wish I could offer you more liberal terms, but the value of the rupee is so much depreciated that I am losing a third of my nominal income. The only thing I wish different in your circumstances is that you lived nearer London, for it will soon be time to think about education, and as the children will have to depend pretty much on themselves if I should be taken, I want them brought up to earn their own living as early as possible. But my dear one said she could trust you to do your best for them, so I send them with many apologies for thus taking you by surprise. If poor Mounsey had been alive I am sure he would have done the same, but perhaps I should hardly have ventured to send them so suddenly had I not known that you and the girls are alone and probably have a good deal of time on your hands. Do write to me by every mail about my children, and tell me what you are doing for them. I need not say be a mother to them, for Mary used to say you were all mother.—Sincerely and gratefully yours,

"JOHN SINCLAIR."

Clearly the Sinclairs could not have known or understood about Mrs. Mounsey's altered circumstances; they had supposed her husband to be a substantial man who had made ample provision for his family, and this letter was even addressed to the house that had been the home of their married life. She dropped a tear or two to the memory of cousin Mary, but the uppermost feeling in her heart was thankfulness for the means of living, for she knew that she could live modestly yet comfortably with Bessie and the three little Indian children on £300 a year. Her first step was to see her landlady and ask if she could accommodate her with a couple of furnished rooms in addition to her own, and then she went to ask if Mr. Smith would kindly change her cheque while she told Alice the good news.

"I expect you will be wanting Miss Mounsey to help you with the little ones," said Mrs. Smith.

"No, indeed, I shall not," replied the widow. "Bessie and I can do all that is needed, and Alice had better stay where she is as long as you wish to keep her."

"I shall wish to do that for two or three years yet," said Mrs. Smith, heartily, "and my husband told me to tell you that he shall be proud to be your banker if you want any accommodation, because of course you will have to set up housekeeping again."

Mrs. Mounsey thanked her warmly and made haste home, for she knew that a telegram might summon her to London at any moment. It did not come till the next morning, and was from the stewardess of the S S. Lizard, requesting her to fetch the children from the vessel in the docks as early as possible.

Very pale-faced and wistful looked the three little creatures in their black frocks, but Mary and Hetty were old enough to be eager to go ashore with auntie, as they called Mrs. Mounsey from the first minute. Poor little Herbert clung to the stewardess, who had been very kind to him all the voyage, and whose side he had scarcely left since the officer's family who had taken charge of them from Bombay left the ship at Southampton. But it was a bright day, and they were all three amused as they went through the London streets in a cab, and then down to Eastfield, which was only an hour's journey by express train through the smiling fields dotted with white daisies, where cows grazed and young lambs gambolled in the sunshine. Bessie had a boiled fowl and rice, and a sweet milk pudding ready for them when they arrived, as Mrs. Mounsey thought it most likely that they had been accustomed to that kind of food, and would be likely to prefer it to more substantial fare.

Bessie was not very tall, and she wore a black frock that was rather short for her, and this seemed a very sufficient reason to little Mary and Hetty for considering her one of themselves; they certainly adopted her at once as big sister and playmate-in-chief, while their small brother attached himself to Mrs. Mounsey. They were amiable, quiet children, and though small, thin, and delicate looking, did not seem otherwise than fairly healthy, at all events on fine warm days.

In the course of a few days Mrs. Mounsey sent Mabel a postal order for 10s. and asked her to come home from Saturday till Monday, and when she started on Saturday afternoon Miss Mary told her that she need not return till the latter part of Monday. "Get here before seven, my dear, if you can," she said, "so that Jane and I may feel free to go for our walk if the evening is fine."

Mrs. Smith also spared Alice for the Sunday, so a council of three was held in the afternoon, while Bessie took the little girls out into the fields, and Herbert had a long nap on auntie's knee. The poor little fellow seemed to want sleep more than anything else, and liked to feel some one's arm round him while he rested. He was a nervous child, and it conveyed a sense of company and protection.

DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

Summer, or, at all events, hot weather, is at its height in August, and yet for most of us the days of new garments have gone by, and we very earnestly hope to be able to keep those we had early in the summer in good enough condition to last us till the end. Muslins are most comfortable, and if, during the after-season sales of July, we have been able to buy one or two, with the buff or écru grounds printed all over with small flowers, at moderate prices, they are quite worth making up for the rest of the summer, and the fashion of full banded bodices never varies for this kind of thing. There are, however, changes of sleeves, and the plain coat-sleeve never was altogether satisfactory for a muslin. Many are made now quite full where set into the shoulder, and gathered again at the wrist, and sewn into a band, edged with a little lace, and just loose enough to slip the hand through. These have the advantage of not splitting at the elbow. Plain sleeves, coming to the elbow and there finished off with a frill of muslin or lace, are very cool and pretty, and look nice out of doors with long gloves, which in cotton are of many colours and very inexpensive.

Waistbands are very fashionable, and are frequently worn with pretty clasps such as some of us can turn out of old stores. They are also made in steel and oxydised silver, the latter wearing well, though the former get rusty, especially at the seaside. Long waistbands, brought down to a point and fastened with a bow, or crossed through a slide, are also very much liked, especially by those who have slender figures and long waists. Lace is not quite so much used as it was, but there is still plenty to be had, and, as it looks light and washes several times quite satisfactorily, it will be long before it entirely disappears from our dresses.

Some of the most fashionable, lightest, and prettiest hats of this summer are made of white chip or willow, a few yards of which are very easily plaited in what is called the pearl pattern by almost anyone. Children are often taught to amuse themselves with making it in strips of paper, and it is exactly the same. Trimmed with daisies, corn flowers, and tulle, hats of this chip, sewn together or on light shapes, have been sold at high prices in the best London shops, but they are capable of home manufacture at remarkably small cost. Give what you will for them, white willow is only a few weeks' wear, because it burns brown in the sun; but it dyes afterwards a very good brown or black, and is extremely light on the head. A heavy bonnet or hat gives a feeling of depression that is never pleasant, and least of all in hot weather. Tuscan and Leghorn are also fashionable, and are very lasting, and with them have come back the old-fashioned neat straw-coloured ribbons of many years ago, which suit so many complexions, old and young, either by themselves or mixed with black velvet. Small green ivy is usually mixed with it.

Little children's frocks and pelisses are very pretty this year, both in cotton and soft woollen cloths and delaines. Most of them are smocked, and as smocking is elastic and allows little hands to be pushed through sleeves, and little heads through the necks of the frocks, which close up into their places when on, it saves much wearisome work with buttons and hooks, which are perpetually coming off, and the buttonholes, which so few make quickly or properly. It is worth every mother's while to learn how to smock, and it is not at all difficult.

The little pelisse of which we give an illustration is taken from one made of white summer serge, and trimmed with bands of gobelin blue delaine. It is really a little skirt with a kind of blouse over it, an arrangement which allows either one or the other to be renewed; or the skirt can be all blue, if desired. Children are so much more comfortable and unrestrained in their movements in a loose garment of this sort than they ever can be in a tight-fitting one.

The tan walking-shoes spoken of in these columns a month or two ago are now to be had almost everywhere at much the same prices as black ones. They should be worn with tan stockings, and last very well for a few months when the roads and streets are dusty, and save the more durable black shoes and boots from the shabby appearance produced by long walks when the white dust of summer covers them with layers of powder.

The efforts that are being made to bring back the ever useful black silks, which were such stand-by dresses in the wardrobes of persons of moderate means, do not seem over successful. If they do come in again they will be in the soft silks of Spitalfields manufacture, a branch of industry that is fast reviving; but it seems very likely that Irish poplins will have an innings, for they are now made very soft and rich, and a black Irish poplin is only about the same price as a silk, while its freedom from weight in the dye and from adulteration with harsh substances makes it extremely durable. Although the prices are moderate, the best makers take off 3d. per yard for cash, and this is decidedly a consideration.

The flat pattern of the child's pelisse can be had by enclosing 9½d. in stamps to "M. L.," at the office of the Mothers' Companion. *Every effort will be made to dispatch patterns as early as possible, but we cannot guarantee to send them by return of post.*

HOUSEHOLD.

Useful Hints.—The mildew upon linens proceeds from their being put away damp from the wash, and it is a difficult blemish to remove. When it has unfortunately occurred, it will be found that soap rubbed on, and afterwards fine chalk scraped upon the spots, with a day's exposure to the sun, will remove it—if not at once, at least upon a repetition. Fruit and red-wine stains may be removed by a preparation of equal parts of slaked lime, potass, and soft soap, and by exposure to the sun while this preparation is upon the stain. Salt of lemon (oxalate of potass) will remove ink and iron-mould.